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it is our shame that we, the mythical we, the community, have. This is Miss Addams's message.

FICTION.

In a good hour the greatest living dramatist of Germany has gone back to writing novels and set down for us a piece of Berlin life*—not neat or nice or cheerful, but terribly real. As people are so he sets them down, and gives the reader not a single figure in rose-pink or sky-blue for edifying adoration. This is manifestly unkind to the born sentimentalists, but with such he keeps no terms. He declared war on sentiment as such in the old days of "*Es War*" and "*Die Ehre*," yet he is not the least in the world a materialist; he believes that the human soul can and does exist everywhere, in vaporings and in bemirings, even in the most unlikely and sordid folly. Therefore, this history of one wretched life, set down without fear or favor and without one word of comment, is not quite hopeless. Somehow poor, impotent, silly Lilly is at the last a little humaner, a little less befogged, one short step farther away from the state of cats and canary-birds, one tiny degree nearer the remote estate of saints and poets. Browning once said something flippant about the immortality of the soul "where a soul may be discerned." Well, Sudermann has discerned it, has encouraged us to hope for it, in a book that expresses at once his comprehension and his hope of humanity.

Such a quaint *pastiche* is this "*Felicità*,"† with never a hint of the real place (though the author knows Italy) or of the real documents (though the author has written on the Middle Age before), but all pieced up out of his histories and compendiums, some of them charming enough, out of abstracts and second-rate essays and novels even. Mr. Christopher Hare, who had so little to say on "*Dante, the Wayfarer*," and said it with such cynical aplomb, "condensing" "*The Book of the Courtier*" and hashing up the life of its courtly author, does not understand that he has still to learn to write. He cannot, so far,

* "*The Song of Songs*" ("*Das Hohe Lied*"). By Herman Sudermann. Translated by Thomas Seltzer. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

† "*Felicità: A Romance of Old Siena*." By Christopher Hare. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1909.